

**HYMNS
FROM THE MORNINGLAND**

HYMNS FROM THE MORNINGLAND

BEING

TRANSLATIONS, CENTOS
AND SUGGESTIONS

FROM THE SERVICE BOOKS OF
THE HOLY EASTERN CHURCH

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY

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&c., &c.

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P R E F A C E

THIS sixth series of hymns from the Greek Offices is sent forth in the hope that some of the flowers that bloom in the gardens of the East, in which our Lord prayed and His Apostles tilled, may serve to beautify the homes of the faithful in Western lands. Cut flowers lose their beauty and freshness soon, but not infrequently their perfume remains; and roots transplanted do not always continue to put forth leaves and blossoms in that richness which adorns them in their native soil; but if in the case of the culled flowers, which are here presented, some of their perfume may chance to linger, it will probably serve to suggest their original attractiveness. That they may, in some capacity, be used to adorn the worship of Christ in our sterner clime, is the earnest prayer of the translator.

J. B.

TRINITY MANSE,
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B

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INTRODUCTION

CRITICS are of three classes:—the laudatory, who, if they see anything to complain of, make no complaint; the severe, who, if they see anything deserving commendation, say nothing about it; and the discriminating, who see both and say it, and at the same time throw out hints which as a rule are both acceptable and helpful. Particularly is this the case when the advice tendered confirms a growing conviction on the part of a writer.

One cannot work continuously at a subject, and all the while get the thoughtful criticism of his observers, without improving his methods. From a review of a recent volume by the writer, the following is taken:—"It seems to us that it is in the adaptation, rather than strict translation, that the wealth of thought and emotion buried in the service books of the Eastern

Church will be minted into coin of golden praise meet for sanctuary use, and comparable in worth and beauty to the splendid currency of these latter days." This is strictly true, and it is the conviction which has for some time possessed the author, with the result that he has been giving less attention to translation, or transliteration, and more attention to suggestion, adaptation, and reminiscence. One cannot spend a day with the Greek service books (say with the Triodion, which contains the incomparable Lenten and Easter offices) without having his mind filled with thoughts the most beautiful, thoughts which can sometimes be expressed in almost identical phrase with the original, but which oftener, in order to do them justice by revealing them in all their richness, require to be dwelt upon, expanded, and clothed in appropriate western phrase. This is without doubt the best way in which to deal with the praise material of the Greek service books, and the present writer has set himself in this volume to act according to that conviction. Here, there

are fewer translations than in any former volume, and the greater number of the hymns are reminiscences of the Greek.

The contents of this book may be ranged under three categories:—A few translations or renderings, as literal as it is possible or desirable to make them; centos, or patch-work, *i.e.*, pieces which are not versions of any particular hymn in the original, but which are made up of portions of various hymns; and suggestions, or reminiscences of the Greek. In the case of the last, the best that can be said of them is that they owe their existence in the present instance, to the Greek. While to the ordinary reader there may be nothing in these suggestions to indicate their source, no one who is acquainted with the praise of the Eastern Church will fail to detect here and there certain marks which inevitably announce their origin. In most cases initial Greek headlines have been dispensed with, for the reason that they can serve no useful purpose, nor indicate with any certainty the source of any particular hymn.

When one rises from a contemplation of Christian worship as it is presented to him in the ancient forms of the Apostolic Church, it is with pain that his ears are assailed with charges which he knows to be as lacking in truth as they would be if they were levelled against ourselves. God knows how far we have all drifted from our ideal, and those who have the best excuse, not the farthest. But this offensive and ungrateful spirit is surely unbecoming on the part of those who owe so much to the Church which they censure. If Christian love would abound on all sides, how soon would the wounds of Christ's Body heal! If those deep wounds are to be bound up, it will only be by pouring in oil and wine. Controversy and argument have been tried for centuries. They have failed. We must all begin where the beloved St. John so feelingly bids us,— "Little children, love one another." Love implies humility, and if we are humble, and stoop to love, we will find hearts all over the world only longing and praying for the balm of that Divine oil. Then dogmatic

differences will be solved in a new manner, and much more.

It is not a pleasant task to revert to the censures which are hurled against the Eastern Church, by critics who are obviously ignorant of her past history, and who seem to have taken no trouble to acquaint themselves with her present position; but when one is continually met with the same offensive statements, offensive because untrue, there is only one thing to be done, and that is to meet them with the truth, and refute them on every possible occasion, in the hope that in the end the truth will be vindicated.

The charges have certainly not the charm of variety; they are painfully monotonous:—The Greek Church is "dead," and "non-missionary." Certainly non-missionary, if dead! To say of any organization, church or other, that it is dead and non-progressive, is to say the worst that could be said.

Dead! And what are the signs of death in the Eastern Church? Truly they are marvellously unusual. Is it because she

preserves the beauty, dignity, and quiet solemnity, which must ever be associated with true worship, and refuses to admit methods which are alien to it? Many of our Churches have become societies, or guilds (a familiar term in these days), in which are included every attraction which can appeal to the eyes of the world. A Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, is the guise in which the worship of God is presented to men who are not attracted by the calm and rest of God's house; and the methods employed are bringing with them their inevitable results. We fear the Church is in danger of forgetting that its prime function is to preserve the Holy Worship of God, and by its means to establish the saints in The Faith; and that its mission is to go down to the world, inspiring those who are there with the spirit of Christ; returning at the appointed time to observe the worship of God in His house, and bringing with it those who are weary with the toil of life, that they may be refreshed; and is allowing the world to invade its sanctuary, and scare away the spirit of true worship. It is not

enough to say that present-day methods must be observed, that people will not come to church unless it conforms to the spirit of the times. The human soul will still desire to dwell in the house of the Lord, to behold His beauty and to enquire, when it feels impelled by the Blessed Spirit of God,—when it longs for peace and spiritual refreshment which can only be found in communion with the Divine. Doubtless, to the pushful spirit of the age, the Church which preserves in calm dignity the form of worship which has been handed down to it through the ages, and tenaciously adhered to in the midst of persecution and martyrdom, and refuses to admit the methods of the concert hall, the debating society, and the lecture room, must appear to be a dead Church indeed. So be it!

But, it is asked, what evidences are there that the Greek Church is a living Church? What is she doing in the field of literature, theological in particular? And in aggressive Christian work at home and abroad?

From this enquiry we cannot exclude the Greek Church in Russia, for, while in the

ancient sphere of that Church's operation (in Greece, and Turkey, and Asia Minor) much is being done in the domain of education in her schools and theological colleges, and in theological literature, it is in Russia, where none of the grievous hindrances to activity exists which for 600 years have frustrated many of her efforts at home, but where free scope and encouragement for its exercise are guaranteed, that most evidence of progress is seen.

Here is the testimony of one who cannot, *prima facie*, be deemed unprejudiced.* A few years ago, Father Aurelio Palmieri was sent to Russia by the Vatican to procure books and manuscripts for the Russian section of the Papal library at Rome. He writes in the *Tserkoviya Viedomosto* (December 6, 1904):—"It is time to render justice to the truth, and to put an end to those many calumnies, which are propagated against Russia by envious and interested persons—persons

* *Vide* an article in the *Re-union Magazine*, by F. W. Groves Campbell, LL.D., March, 1910 (London : Cope & Fenwick).

who desire to deprive her of her influence, and to rob her of her prestige. In the Russian universities, the instruction given is far more serious than that given in our own Italy; and the magnificent Ecclesiastical Academies, all under religious influence, at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and Kazan, make us feel a sense of sadness at the miserable and insufficient instruction that is given to our own Italian clergy. Let us say frankly, that in our Italy, and even at Rome, we possess no such establishments which for beauty of organization, capable professors, and wealth of libraries, can rival these Russian Ecclesiastical Academies. To convince people of the truth of my assertion, I need only refer them to the superb official organs of these Academies . . . and set out what a vast quantity of scientific works [this Father Palmieri does] is brought together in these collections of Russian theological writers, and how far we in Italy are from giving to the study of theology the development which it receives in Russia. . . . I invite the scholars, not only of Italy, but of

every nation, to make acquaintance with the innumerable collection of books now in the Vatican. They will there find convincing testimony to the intensity of the intellectual work in Russia, and to the scientific vitality of her Church. . . .”

Again, in his book, *La Chiesa Russa* (Florence, 1908), he deplores, not the ignorance of the East, but the ignorance of the West. “It is deplorable,” he says, “that the intense scientific production of Russia is almost totally ignored by the West. . . . A great nation like Russia is not a negligible quantity affected by an intellectual quagmire (p. 671). The Russian Ecclesiastical literature is rich in monographs on particular subjects, and above all in Patristic theology. In this sphere of research, Russian Orthodoxy can even outrival the German science.” Such is the testimony of one of the most cultured men in Italy.

The question is sometimes asked, What is the Greek Church doing at the present time in the department of hymnody, in which her ancient offices are so rich? Much; but as

present day compositions are not used in the canonical services, the supply of such material is not encouraged as it would be in other circumstances, and as it is in the West, where the demand for material for congregational hymnaries is so persistent. But the Greek Church can boast of many hymn writers in her communion, whose compositions would do no discredit to our Western hymnaries. Any bookseller in Athens would supply a catalogue of Greek hymnological work to any interested enquirer.

The writer has before him at this moment a volume of hymns, *TPIAΔIKON* (Athens, 1909), the work of Bishop Nektarios, who for many years was head of the great Rhizareion Theological College in Athens. The volume contains about two hundred pieces suitable for use during the Church seasons, and for general use. They were, however, composed, so the author writes, to be read reverently, or sung privately, in the household. The language of the hymns composed by present day hymn-writers has the modern flavour, and so presents difficulties which,

however, the student who has a knowledge of the language of the service books can readily overcome, with the help of a grammar and dictionary of modern Greek; for, while modern Greek is nine-tenths similar to ancient Greek (*i.e.*, modern Greek of the first class, for there are several classes, according to the grade of society) it has yet one-tenth which differs, and it is that tenth which causes trouble. Such hymns are used at services *extra ecclesiam*,—at meetings, church schools, colleges, and monasteries, or at any other non-canonical service. They are, as a rule, set to attractive music, often by eminent musicians. The translation of two hymns from the fore-mentioned collection by Bishop Nektarios, are included in this volume at pp. 183-6.

So, even in the department of hymnody, the Greek Church is showing no signs of falling away, and, although she refuses to admit modern productions into her Church services, and adheres to the hymns of her early hymn-writers (an attitude, by the way, very similar to what we in Scotland main-

tained until very recent times, when psalms alone were permitted in our canonical services, to the exclusion of all hymns), she has yet a band of hymn-writers who uphold a noble succession, and keep adding to her treasury of praise, encouraged in their gracious work by the countenance which the Church gives to its use on all possible occasions.

But the commonest charge levelled against the Greek Church is that of being non-missionary; and the charge which is so utterly untrue, is deemed sufficient to relegate her to the limbo of the effete and worthless. The truth is, that the missionary zeal, and activity of that Church, are among the most outstanding features of her history; and when we consider the terrible odds against which she has had to contend, both in Europe and Asia, we wonder at the success that has been achieved.

Let us bear in mind that the population of Russia alone is about 170,000,000, that the natural increase goes on at the rate of four millions annually, and that in twenty

years the population will amount to about 250,000,000. Think of the mighty task laid upon the Church to keep abreast of such a growth, and at the same time to keep the Faith alive in the mass,—for the great majority of this vast population are attached to the Orthodox Church. And this is the task to which the Greek Church addresses herself, to carry the blessings of Christianity to the farthest Russian outpost, and to keep the flame alive where it has already been kindled. Yet this is the Church which English-speaking Christians call non-missionary. "If we take the English Church, for example, which prides itself on its missions, and if we exclude all its missions from the category of mission work which lie within the vast Empire of England's dominions beyond the seas (that is to say, from India, Africa, Canada, Australia, to English sailors, etc.), we would find how very few and weak English missions really are. What a poor role, then, do English missions play outside English lands! Why,

then, do English folk gird at the great Russian Church for a lack of missionary zeal when she is labouring hard in her immense county in Europe and Asia for Christ? In Siberia and Asia generally she is ever spreading the Faith, and that among many tribes and tongues and peoples; and she has missions in Japan, China, Persia, Palestine, Alaska, the Aleoutine Islands, and elsewhere."*

What the Greek Church is doing in Russian dominions, she is doing also in her ancient lands, although under quite different auspices. In Turkey and Asia Minor she keeps the flame aglow amid adverse conditions, and provides spiritual food for her vast household. Besides, she is the most active missionary agency in the Levant.

But enough has been said. If we could only overtop the mountains of prejudice, and we fear we must add, for it is the parent of prejudice, ignorance, which divide

* *Vide* footnote, p. xviii.

xxvi Hymns from the Morningland

the West from the East, we should be able to look down not upon a barren wilderness, but a fruitful vineyard, in which the servants of Christ are working under the eye of their Master, even as we are working in our separate sphere. Let us think about these things.

H Y M N S

**"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless
I live!"**

I

MY God, shall sin its power maintain,
And in my soul defiant live!
'Tis not enough that Thou forgive,
The cross must rise, and self be slain.

II

Then in my life Thy love reveal,—
As by The Christ Who bore the cross,
So by my sacrifice and loss,
And by the bitter pangs I feel.

III

O God of love, Thy love declare,—
'Tis not enough that Christ should die,
I too, with Him, in death must lie,
And in my death His anguish share.

IV

Lord, is it nothing now, to Thee?—
 Yea, it is much, that well I know,
 For Thou hast memory of the woe
 That filled Thy soul at Calvary.

V

And Thou wilt come with gracious aid,
 When, burdened on the awful road,
 I fall beneath the grievous load
 Upon my fainting spirit laid.

VI

Nor let me feel Thou hast no care,
 Though arrows fly, and darkness fall;
 Sin must be slain, but when I call
 Thou art attentive to my prayer.

VII

O God of love, Thy power disclose,—
 'Tis not enough that Christ should rise,
 I, too, must seek the brightening skies,
 And rise from death, as Christ arose.

VIII

And from the cross, and to the grave
 Descend; and when the morning breaks,
 To life anew the soul awakes
 That sin nor death shall e'er enslave.

IX

The cross is love: the Christ's, and mine;—
 'Tis life to die, and death to live,
 And not enough that God forgive,
 If I would live the life divine.



CHRISTMAS

Δδξα ἐν νψιστοις Θεφ.

I

HARK! upon the morning breezes,
In the darkness, ere the waking,
Music sweet the senses pleases,
Soft upon the stillness breaking ;—
“ Glory, Glory ! ” this the singing,
Welcome to Immanuel bringing.

II

Shepherds at their watch beholding
Angels clad in glistening whiteness,
Heard the wondrous news unfolding
’Mid that dazzling scene of brightness ;—
“ Glory, Glory ! ” peace, and kindness,
Light is breaking on our blindness.

III

Glorious morn ! The sun uprising,
 Shone upon a world rejoicing ;
 God is with us, truth surprising ;
 List to song the message voicing,—
 “ Glory, Glory ! ” ages told it,
 Heavenly voices now unfold it.

IV

God adored, our nature wearing !
 Ah, such condescending meekness !
 Stooping to a world despairing,
 Full of pity for our weakness ;—
 “ Glory, Glory ! ” praises swelling,
 God hath made with man His dwelling.

τεχθέντος τοῦ Χριστοῦ.

I

HAIL to the morn that dawns on eastern
 hills,
 More radiant far than any earthly morn ;
 'Tis heavenly light that all creation fills ;—
 The Christ is born.

II

Mystery profound, through all the ages sealed,
 Now, to a world all hopeless, and forlorn,
 In Bethlehem's manger is at length re-
 vealed ;—
 The Christ is born.

III

Lo, from their watch, the herdsmen raise
their eyes,
For, dazzling light the robe of night had
torn,
And angels poured their raptures from the
skies,—
The Christ is born.

IV

Bring ye your gifts of gold and incense rare
Wise men who come, all travel-stained
and worn,
Find ye the Child, and pay your homage
there;—
The Christ is born.

V

Hail to the morn, the world exulting sings;
Only to Him, in fealty we are sworn,
Lord of our lives, Immortal King of kings!—
The Christ is born.

*οἱ μάγοι τὰ δῶρα προσφέρουσιν·
οἱ ποιμένες τὸ θαῦμα κηρύττουσιν.*

I

HAIL to the King, Who comes in weakness
now,
No wreath of gold encircleth His brow,
Lowly His state,—in lowly worship bow;
Hail to the King!

II

Born of His Maiden Mother, pure as snow,
Son of our God, begotten long ago,
Ere yet the stream of time began to flow;
Hail to the King!

III

Nowhere was found a shelter for His head,
Humble He lay, e'en where the oxen fed,
No couch nor crib, a manger was His bed;
Hail to the King!

IV

Herdsmen were there who heard the angels
sing;
Wise men from far who myrrh and incense
bring,
No other hand bestowed an offering;
Hail to the King!

V

Hail to the King! O Christ upon Thy
throne,
Look on the souls which Thou didst make
Thine own,
When by Thy Birth and Death Thou did'st
atone;
Hail to the King!

Εὐφραίνεσθε Δίκαιοι· οὐρανοί ἀγαλλιάσθε.
σκιρτήσατε τὰ ὅρη, Χριστοῦ γεννηθέντος.

Christmas.

I

YE saints exult with cheerful song,
Ye heavens be glad this morn,
And let the mountains leap for joy,
For Christ on earth is born.

II

Behold the Virgin Mother holds
The Child in warm embrace,—
The One-begotten Son of God,
Incarnate Word of grace.

III

And shepherds from their lonely watch,
By angel guidance given,
At Bethlehem found the Promised Child,
And praised the God of heaven.

IV

And heavenly choirs their music poured,
 Upon the stillness, then,
 Ascribing glory unto God,
 And peace on earth to men.

V

Lo, wise men from the Morningland,
 Their costly treasures bear,
 And at the manger worshipped low,
 And laid their offerings there.

VI

Now, with the angel host who sang,
 We join our thankful praise,
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And Holy Ghost, always.

Ο Πατήρ εὐδόκησεν,

Stichera Idiomela. Christmas.

I

HE came because the Father willed,
 And from the midst of heaven's renown,
 The promise to our world fulfilled,
 And won a kingdom for His crown.

II

He came because He willed to bear
 The burden that His love imposed;
 And all our lot of sorrow share,
 Until the day in darkness closed.

III

Ah ! angels hailed that morning bright,
 And in the heavens their carols sung;
 But God Himself was hid in night,
 When sin and death their arrows flung.

IV

But not to sink beneath their power,
 The God-man girt Him for the fray;
 And from the darkness of that hour,
 There sprang the light of endless day.

V

And wounded souls the triumph knew;
 Fresh courage to the faint was given;
 And e'en the dead to life anew,
 Rose in the glorious might of heaven.

VI

For sin was crushed, and death was slain;—
 All hail, the great victorious Son,
 Who mounts the throne of heaven again,
 To rule the kingdom He has won.

Xριστὸς ὁ Βασιλεὺς.

I

Now the King Immortal
 Comes to claim His own,—
 Shepherds at their watch by night,
 Hail the glory of the light—
 They, and they alone.

II

Heralds from the heaven-land,
 Tell His Advent clear;—
 Where the sound of hurrying feet?
 Where the crowds come forth to greet?
 Where the loyal cheer?

III

Angels, on the night winds
 Have their carols thrown,—
 Theirs, the music rapturous, sweet,
 Theirs, the songs the Monarch greet,
 theirs, and theirs, alone.

IV

Ah, the silent night hours,
 Ah, the slumberers, prone,—
 Mortals wake, arise, adore,
 Angels, shepherds, honours pour,
 They, and they, alone.

V

Jesu, King Immortal,
 Mount thy rightful throne ;
 Loyal hearts their plaudits pour,
 Heavenly choirs in songs adore,
 They, not they alone.

Αὐγούστου μοναρχήσαντος ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς,
 ἡ πολυαρχία τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐπαύσατο.

By Cassia the Recluse.

Menaeon Dec. 25.

I

WHEN o'er the world Augustus reigned,
 The rule of kingships felt decay ;
 And when our Lord appeared as Man,
 The idol shrines were swept away.

II

One earthly power the people knew,
 One world-embracing rule obeyed ;
 Then Gentiles to the Godhead knelt,
 And undivided homage paid.

III

And when the monarch's will was known,
 A census of the tribes was told ;
 Then, in the name of Christ their God,
 His faithful subjects were enrolled.

IV

For great Thy mercy is to us,
 O God, our King, Whose rule we own,
 And we will render while we live,
 One glory to Thy name alone.

I

O LIGHT, resplendent of the morn
 On golden pinions upwards borne,
 That usherest in the day ;
 We rise responsive to the call,
 As night removes her dusky pall,
 And speeds her flight away.

II

O Light, that, from the Father's face,
 Shone on our world with winning grace,
 When darker night prevailed ;
 We rise to greet Thine Advent bright,
 All hail ! majestic in Thy might,
 When darkness is assailed.

νῦν πάντα πεπλήρωται φωτὸς.

24 Hymns from the Morningland

III

O let my soul Thy rising see;
From every cloud my vision free,
And on my pathway shine;
Then shall my course, in safety trod,
Lead ever nearer to my God,
The source of light divine.

IV

O Jesus, Morn of better day,
Thou Light of lights, Whose gladsome ray
Gives light, and life, and cheer;
Light to my soul, and life impart,
And fill with joy my inmost heart,
And scatter night and fear.

PASSIONTIDE

I

O WOUNDED hands and feet!
O heart, with spear thrust torn!
O brow, with blood drops falling down,
Beneath the stinging thorn!
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Why was such anguish Thine?

II

The angels were amazed,
The sun refused his light,
And they who knew that Christ was God,
Turned from the woeful sight;—
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Why was such anguish Thine?

III

My soul, can'st thou not tell?
Why such a sacrifice?
Hast thou no needs, for which alone
The cross can find supplies?
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Why was such anguish Thine?

IV

For thee the cross was reared;
For thee the Christ was slain;
For thee He sojourned with the dead,
And rose to life again;—
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Thus was the anguish Thine.

I

WHEN Jesus to the judgment hall
By cruel men was led,
He wore a purple robe of scorn,
And thorns upon His head;—
They called Him King, and bowed the knee,
And paid Him homage, mockingly.

II

“Away! let Him be crucified!”
The impious shouts proclaim;
And forth they led the Son of God
To die a death of shame;
And passing thence amid’ the crowd,
Beneath a ponderous cross He bowed.

III

Behold Him nailed upon the cross
 And left alone to die,
 While from the awful scene of death
 His timid followers fly ;—
 In agony He groaned and sighed,
 And faint, He bowed the head, and died.

IV

Ah, cruel death for Him to die,
 Ah, vilest death of shame,—
 Who, to redeem our guilty souls,
 From God, in pity came ;—
 The glory of the Father's throne
 He left, to make our souls His own.

V

O Jesus, to Thy cross I cling,
 For Thou, my Lord, art there,
 Who, in Thy love, True Man became,
 My load of sin to bear ;
 And lo, I lift my eyes to heaven,
 For God in mercy hath forgiven.

I

THEY brought Him to the hill of death
 Where ruthless felons died,
 And there, upon a cross of shame,
 The Christ was crucified ;
 By wicked men the nails were driven,
 And God, in silence, looked from heaven.

II

They bade Him find His help in God,
 If He were Christ indeed,
 And save Himself, as He had saved
 So many in their need ;
 Such taunting words like venom stung,
 And God beheld the arrows flung.

III

They wagged their heads in mocking scorn,
 And bade the Christ come down,—
 While from His wounds the blood-drops fell,
 And from the thorny crown;
 The spear uplifted pierced His side,
 And God beheld the crimson tide.

IV

All dark at noon, the sun refused
 His wonted light to shed,
 For sin and death had God defied,
 And Christ His Son was dead;
 And God had turned His face away,
 Nor heard the Christ in anguish pray.

V

All hail the Resurrection morn !
 The light returns again,
 And Christ is throned at God's right hand
 Who once for man was slain ;
 And God extends His pardoning grace,
 Nor hides the brightness of His face.

I

"WATCH with Me," The Master said,
 And the night around Him fell,
 While the snares of sin and hell,
 On His awful path were spread.

II

But they slumbered while He prayed ;—
 They who were His constant care,
 Heard no echo of His prayer,
 When His soul was sore dismayed.

III

Then He held the cup of woe,
 And the prayer to God was made,—
 Thrice in agony He prayed,
 That He might the draught forego.

IV

But the will of God was done,
In the garden, on that night,
And He rose in all the might
Of the well-beloved Son.

V

Ah, my soul, thy Lord behold,—
Wake from slumber, hear Him pray,
All thy griefs are borne away,
By His agony, untold.

VI

And the strength of God is thine
When the will of God is done
In obedience, as a son,
Conscious of a love divine.

I

THEY cried, "Let Him be crucified!"
And surging crowds around Him pressed;
With breaking heart, and soul distressed,
He bore the cross on which He died.

II

They cried, "Let Him be crucified!"
And He the well-beloved Son,
The Son of God Who should have won
The love He never once denied.

III

They cried, "Let Him be crucified!"
And to the wood His hands were nailed,
And mocking words His ears assailed,
That God, Who looked from heaven, defied.

IV

They cried, "Let Him be crucified!"
 And when the deed of night was done,
 The light was blotted from the sun,
 And hell's abode exulting, cried.

V

They cried, "Let Him be crucified!"
 Ah, Lord, my soul with anguish burns,
 As to that cruel cross it turns,
 For 'twas for me the Saviour died.

I

O DARKEST night that ever fell!
 Before the sun had set,
 The light was blotted from the heavens,
 And death, and darkness met.

II

For God had turned His face away
 From all the sin He bore,
 Whom in His love to earth He sent,
 To bear our suffering sore.

III

Ah! darkest night that ever falls
 On soul of human race,
 When God in anger turns away
 The brightness of His face;

IV

Then, sun and moon, and stars are lost,
 Amid' our hopeless night;
 And all the radiant bliss of life
 Is curtained from our sight.

V

O Christ, Thou art our Light, and Sun,
 Our Hope 'mid guilty fears;
 No night surrounds Thy presence now,
 Nor threatening cloud appears;

VI

And sin and death no longer reign,
 Nor day to dark declines,
 For, from the Father's face, a light
 Of reconciliation shines.

I

NAILED to the cross the Saviour dies,
 While earth is moved with sore dismay,
 And e'en the sun, though high at noon,
 In anguish veils the light of day.

II

Then hell and darkness riot held,
 And sin and death combined their power
 To crush the Christ Whom sinful men
 Had hastened to that awful hour.

III

But O, 'twas darkness deeper still
 Than o'er the earth in blackness lay,
 When God beheld the suffering Son,
 And turned from Him His face away.

IV

Ah! whence that suffering? Whence that woe?
 The horror felt by earth and sky?
 The victory of the powers of night,
 That doomed the God-man there to die?

V

My soul distressed, look up! behold!
 With light from heaven the earth is filled;—
 The Christ that awful conflict met,
 Because a God of wisdom willed.

VI

Now sin its latest shaft has hurled,
 And death put forth its utmost might,
 But, lo, the Christ the conflict stood,
 And sin and death are vanquished, quite.

VII

Glory to Thee our souls proclaim,
 Great Son of God, Thou Victor strong;
 Thy love inspires our hearts to sing,
 The victory fills our endless song.

I

O SON of God, afflicted,
 And slain for sinful men,
 My soul hath oft' depicted
 What Thou didst suffer then,—
 The pain, the grief, the sighing,
 The burden of Thy woe,
 The cross, the shame, the dying
 That filled Thy life below.

II

Ah, why from heavenly blessing
 Didst Thou to earth descend,
 And share the woes distressing,
 To be the sinner's Friend?
 The angels looked amazéd,
 While men untouched beheld
 The Christ to souls debasé,
 By love divine impelled.

III

'Twas love, 'twas love unbounded,
 As high as heaven ascends,
 As deep as depths unsounded,
 And broad as earth extends;
 Yea, 'twas a love undying,
 That suffered for my sake;—
 Lord, may a love replying,
 Within my soul awake.

I

THIS be our prayer, O Saviour of our souls,
 When night is dark, and muttering thunder
 rolls,
 For none but Thee the power of hell
 controls,—

Have mercy, Lord.

II

There is no help, if Thou no help wilt
 bring;
 No heavenly messenger on speedy wing;
 Hope gilds the morn, if to Thy cross we
 cling,—

Have mercy, Lord.

III

Woeful the threats that flash from Sinai's
hill;
Dark are the fears, our guilty souls that fill;
Help we have none,—O then, of Thy sweet
will,

Have mercy, Lord.

IV

Strong is the arm that in our cause was
raised,—
Christ, be Thy name to endless ages praised,
Who, at the hands of sinners was abased;—

Have mercy, Lord.

V

Doomed to our death, the God-man bowed
the head;
Pierced for our sins, upon the cross He
bled;
Life is His gift, Who liveth, and was dead;—

Have mercy, Lord;

VI

Life, and to live, amid the bliss beyond,
Where souls beloved, to loving souls respond,
Free from all bondage in Thy gentle bond,—
Have mercy, Lord.

EASTER

I

Lo, in its brightness the morning arising,
Gold on the hilltops in richness is spread;
Heaven decks the earth with a beauty
surprising,
Light is the victor, and darkness hath fled.

II

Lord of the morning, our souls are awaking,
Flood them with beauty, and free them
from gloom;
Morn speaks of joy, for when morning was
breaking,
Free from death's bands Thou did'st rise
from the tomb.

III

Souls that in slumber behold not the beauty,
 See not the Master arise in His might;
 Hear not the call to the doing of duty,
 Know not the rapture that thrills in the
 light.

IV

Morn speaks of life,—let us rise to new
 living,
 Rise with the Lord to the freedom He
 gives,
 Give to the world what the morning is
 giving,
 Hope that was born in the darkness, and
 lives.

V

Lo, in its brightness the morning arising,—
 Lord of the morning, our darkness dispel;
 Shine in our souls, till, the sordid despising,
 Rise we from earth in Thy presence to
 dwell.

I

IN the dark of early morn,
 Ere the light dispelled the gloom,
 Came the hearts with sorrow torn,
 Weeping to the lonely tomb.

II

Brought they aromatics rare
 Culled from every choicest stem,
 And from gardens blooming fair
 Round thy slopes, Jerusalem.

III

Ah, the thoughts that filled the mind,
 As they journeyed all alone,
 For the Blessed Lord was kind,
 And they loved Him as their own.

IV

Glistening in the morning grey,
Whence those garments fairer far
Than the light that hails the day
In the glorious morning star?

V

List! their voices, heavenly, sweet,
As the light clad angels say,
Come, behold in reverence meet,
Where the risen Master lay.

VI

Hail the gladness, hail the day,
Bring no spices, bring no tears;
Death has lost its power to slay,
And the grave is reft of fears.

I

GLORY to God! The morn appointed
breaks,
And earth awakes from all the woeful
past,
For, with the morn, the Lord of Life
awakes,
And sin and death into the grave are
cast.

II

Glory to God! The cross with all its shame,
Now sheds its glory o'er a ransomed world;
For He Who bore the burden of our blame,
With pierced hands the foe to hell hath
hurled.

III

Glory to God! Sing ransomed souls again,
 And let your songs our glorious Victor
 laud,
 Who by His might hath snapped the tyrant's
 chain,
 And set us free to rise with Him to God.

IV

Darkness and night farewell! the morn is
 here;
 Welcome! the light that ushers in the day;
 Visions of joy before our sight appear,
 And like the clouds, our sorrows melt
 away.

V

Great Son of God, Immortal, and renowned!
 Brighter than morn the glory on Thy
 brow;
 Crowns must be won, and Thou art nobly
 crowned,
 For death is dead, and sin is vanquished
 now.

I

GLORY to God! the Christ hath left the
 tomb,
 And ere the dawn upon the earth had
 broke,
 The Light of lights had burst upon its
 gloom,
 When He, our Light, from death's dark
 sleep awoke.

II

Were there no eyes to gaze upon the
 sight?
 No hearts to sing, when sundered was
 the prison?
 Watchers there were, who lingered through
 the night,
 Angels who said, "The Master hath
 arisen."

III

Where now its sting, since death itself is
dead?

Where now the power that held the cap-
tive bound?

Weave laurels gay to crown the Victor's
head,

Sing carols loud till earth and heaven
resound.

IV

Break, happy morn! and let the world be
glad,

Night is no more, and all our fears are
gone;

Joy fills the souls that erstwhile had been
sad,

Hope fills the tomb, where hope had never
shone.

V

Sleepers, awake! The Christ from death
awoke,

Break into song, and let the silence sing,
Speak to the world what language never
spoke,

Bring from a tomb what mourners cannot
bring.

VI

Glory to God! The Christ hath left the
tomb,

Hope in our souls is shining as the sun;
Clouds bring no fear, for in the deepest
gloom,

Rest we in faith,—the Victory is won.

I

RISE, O glorious orb of day,—
Christ no longer fills the grave,
He hath risen with power to save,—
Rise, and clear our night away.

II

Day, by seer and psalmist sung,
Gladdest day for earth and heaven,
For the Christ, Whom God had given,
Hath the power from hades wrung.

III

Clouds of darkness, bow the head,
Weep in raindrops in the night!
Sorrow now is chased from sight,
For the living Christ was dead.

IV

Heaven above, and earth below,—
Men and angels raise the strain,
Death could not the Christ retain,—
Let your praises endless flow.

V

Ah, the spear, the thorns, the nails,
Ah, the dying and the death,
And the slow expiring breath,—
But the suffering Christ prevails.

VI

Where can death bestow his prey?
Can he hold the Lord of life?
Better he had shirked the strife,
Than have lost his power for aye.

VII

Rise, O glorious orb of day!
Christ no longer fills the grave,
He hath risen with power to save,—
Rise, and clear our night away.

ASCENSION

ἀναβατεῖς εἰς τὸν οὐρανόν.

Ascension.

I

BORNE on the clouds the Christ arose
To where the light celestial glows,
Till, farther than the eye could view,
He passed the heavenly portals through.

II

Ended the weary life below,
The painful toil, the grief, the woe;
The conflict of the cross is past,
And sin and death are slain at last.

III

Now, list the heavenly song begun
By hosts in garments like the sun;
Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates!
The glorious King an entrance waits.

IV

Ascended Christ! in mercy yet,
 Think of the hearts on Olivet,
 And in Thy wondrous grace restore
 Thy living Presence gone before.

V

And let the Spirit's aid revive
 Our waiting souls that faithful strive,
 Till from our Olivet we soar,
 To dwell with Thee for evermore.

ἀρατε πύλας.

I

LIFT up the gates,
 The Lord of heaven appears;
 Thrust wide the doors,
 The King of glory nears;
 The throne is His Whose arm of might
 O'erthrew the tyrant in the fight.

II

Lift up the gates,—
 The gates of hades fell;
 Thrust wide the doors,
 He burst the doors of hell,
 And prisoners in the dark abode,
 Exulting, hailed the Son of God.

III

Lift up the gates,—
 No power His might can meet;
 Thrust wide the doors,
 The foe is at His feet;
 The path is cleared, the prize is won,
 Enter, Thou all-victorious Son.

IV

Lift up the gates,—
 They come who welcome win;
 Thrust wide the doors,
 And let His followers in;
 They come from toil and conflict long,
 Ten thousand times ten thousand strong.

V

Lift up the gates,—
 Still valiant deeds are done;
 Thrust wide the doors,
 For laurels yet are won;
 And when the victor sheathes his sword,
 Receive the follower of his Lord.

I

BORNE on the wings of light,
 Behold the Lord ascend,
 Up to the portals bright
 Where heavenly powers attend,
 And fling the gates of glory wide,
 While praises rise like flowing tide.

II

Back to the Father's bliss
 From war and strife below,
 From toil and loneliness
 'Mid scenes of sin and woe;—
 Loud plaudits hail the Victor now,
 Who comes with triumph on His brow.

III

Lord, in the peace of heaven,
Far from our toil and pain,
Think of the promise given,
And come to us again ;—
Remember, Thou, the toilsome road,
That brought Thee to Thy blest abode.

IV

And see the toils we bear,
And hear the prayers we send ;
In answer to our prayers,
Our needy souls befriend ;—
We need not languish in the night,
Though heaven receive Thee from our sight.

PENTECOST

V
O Promised Spirit, come,
And fill the empty place,
Till in our heavenly home
We look upon His face,
Who fought with us in earthly strife,
And won for us immortal life.

I

LIKE the beams that from the sun,
Pierce the blackness of the night,
Come to us, O Promised One,
Spirit, Light.

II

Pure as saints who have attained,
Clad in brightness for attire,
Cleanse our souls by vileness stained,
Spirit, Fire.

III

Stronger than uplifted arm
In the tumult of the fight,
Save our timid souls from harm,
Spirit, Might.

IV

Soothing as the calm that falls
When the winds and billows cease,
Comfort us when fear appals,
Spirit, Peace.

V

Come, O Gracious Spirit, come,
We would have Thee for our Guest,
Make our souls Thy chosen home,
Spirit, Blest.

I

COME, Holy Ghost, in might,
And make our weakness strong;
Renew our valour in the fight
Against the power of wrong.

II

Come, Holy Ghost, restore
The zeal our lives have lost,
And on our fainting spirits pour
The grace of Pentecost.

III

Come, Holy Ghost, in light
Our minds and hearts to cheer,
And pierce the darkness of our night
Of ignorance and fear.

IV

Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
 Reveal the love divine,
 That stooped to earth from heaven above;
 In sympathy benign.

V

And while the ages run,
 Our praise shall rise to Thee;
 And to the Father and the Son,
 One God, eternally.

I

SPIRIT of God, in love descend,
 And make our hearts Thy place of rest,
 In all our need a steadfast Friend
 To fill our store with gifts the best;

II

To cleanse our souls with holy fire
 From sordid stains that guilt imparts,
 And with Thy heavenly power inspire
 Our languid zeal, and fainting hearts;

III

To lift our minds to nobler things
 Than earth from all its best can show,—
 The wealth that flies on speedy wings,
 The fleeting joys, like sparks that glow.

IV

Come in the hour of sore distress,
When, deep the heart for comfort sighs,
And with Thy soothing kindliness
The tear-drops wipe from weeping eyes.

V

"Lo, I am with you to the end,"
Thus speaks the promise of our Lord;
O Spirit of the Christ, descend,
Fulfil to us the gracious word.

I

LORD, may Thy Holy Spirit calm
Our troubled souls, and give them rest;
And with His touch, like healing balm,
Allay the pain of the distressed.

II

We hear the promise Thou did'st make
To lone disciples long ago,
And peace and hope our souls o'er take,
And joy dispels our brooding woe.

III

Now let us feel the Spirit's power,
And let us hear His gracious word;
Fulfil to us this holy hour
The promise of our dying Lord.

IV

Come, Holy Ghost, with warmth of love,
With light of hope, and calm of peace,
And raise our sense bound souls above
The mocking joys of earth that cease.

I

O God, the Holy Ghost,
 Thou Lord of light appear,
 And, as of old, at Pentecost,
 Come to us, waiting here;
 And let the darkness that enshrouds,
 Pass from our souls like passing clouds.

II

O God, the Holy Ghost,—
 The choicest gifts are Thine;
 Grant us the grace we covet most,
 And virtues most divine;
 And with Thy purifying fire,
 Consume, we pray, our vain desire.

III

O God, the Holy Ghost,
 With strength our weakness brace,
 That e'en the threatenings of a host
 We may with courage face;
 And put satanic power to flight,
 That bears upon our souls with might.

IV

O God, the Holy Ghost,
 Our soul's enduring Friend,
 For all the gifts of Pentecost
 Our grateful songs ascend;—
 Thee, with the Father, and the Son
 We worship, glorious Three in One.

VARIOUS

ἐν Ἰορδάνῃ, βαπτιζομένου σον Κύριε,
ἢ τῆς Τριάδος ἐφανερώθη προσκύνησις.

Epiphany, January 6

I

WHEN Jesus to the Jordan came
To honour there the rite divine,
Then, to the world, His awful claim
Was witnessed by the Godhead Trine.

II

From heaven the Father's voice declared
His pleasure and paternal love ;
And lo ! the Holy Ghost appeared,
And wore the likeness of a Dove.

III

Thrice holy, Jesus Christ, art Thou,
By Father and by Spirit blessed;
We see Thee at the Jordan now,
And hear Thy Godhead there expressed.

IV

Now to the Father glory be,
And to the Son beloved by God,
And to the Spirit, endlessly,
In heaven and all the earth abroad.

*μετεμορφώθης ἐν τῷ ὄρει Χριστὲ ὁ Θεὸς,
δεῖξας τοῖς μαθηταῖς σου τὴν δόξαν σου, καθὼς
ηδύναντο.*

Transfiguration, August 6

I

WHEN on the mount the Lord appeared
Transfigured to the sight,
His countenance was like the sun,
His raiment glistened white.

II

But dull the minds, and dark the eyes,
On whom such glory shone;
They saw not God upon the mount,
They saw but man alone.

III

And when the dark and cloudy days
 Of death and sorrow came,
 What were their thoughts of Him who hung
 Upon the cross of shame?

IV

They knew not that the God of Life
 An offering yielded there,
 And of His will endured for all
 The load of sin He bare.

V

Lord, to the mount where Thou art seen
 In all Thy glory bright,
 Thy servants now would wend their way
 To gaze upon the Light,

VI

And there behold, in glory clad,
 The Light to mortals given,
 That in the night that hid the cross,
 Shone with the light of heaven.

'Ιδοὺ, ὁ βασιλεὺς σου ἔρχεται.

Palm Sunday

I

BEHOLD, the King of Zion rides,
 But not in vain array ;
 The people wave their goodly palms,
 With garments strew the way ;
 And loud hosannas fill the air
 From crowds that, surging, throng ;
 'Tis meet to honour Him Who rides
 With cheer, and shout, and song.

II

O Zion, of your God beloved,
 The day of strife is nigh,
 Yet comes He not with armour clad,
 And sword upon His thigh ;
 The weapons of your mighty King
 No other hand could wield,
 The might of God is in His arm,
 The will of God His shield.

III

See, on the cross, without the wall,
 The King Immortal dies;
 Not now hosannas fill the air,—
 The shouts of hell arise;
 But in that hour of triumph, deemed,
 Satanic might is slain,
 For He Who bows the head in death,
 Shall rise to life again.

IV

O Zion, hail your mighty King,
 Your palms around Him wave,
 And strew your garments in the way
 Of Him Who rides to save;
 And when He mounts His regal throne,
 By bloody conflict won,
 Give homage to the King of heaven,
 God's One Eternal Son.

ἀγαλλέσθω τὰ δρυμοῦ.

Elevation of the Cross

Menaeon, Sept. 14

I

WAVING in the autumn breeze,
 Clap your hands, ye forest trees,
 For the arms that now entwine
 Needy souls, were stretched on thine.

II

And the cross that bore the weight
 Of the Christ, Creator great,
 By the power that still remains,
 All the universe sustains.

III

Emblem, by the Church adored ;
Might, that wields the kingly sword ;
Glory, of the ransomed host ;
Agony, of spirits lost.

IV

Cross of Christ ! we lift our eyes
And behold the sacrifice ;
For the arms that now entwine
Needy souls, were stretched on thine.

Judgment

I

When in the clouds of heaven
The Lord, the Judge, appears,
When memory brings my sin to light,
And conscience fills with fears,—
In mercy, Lord, have mercy then,
Nor rank my soul with wicked men.

II

I have no plea to give,
The sin is all my own,
I cannot bear the searching glance
Nor for that sin atone ;
I can alone that mercy crave,—
O Lord, Thine erring servant save.

III

Didst Thou not come to earth?
 Didst Thou not die for me?
 And all my sin in mercy bear
 Upon the awful tree?
 I claim that sacrifice, and pray,
 Turn not my erring soul away.

IV

The record of my sin,
 In mercy, Lord, remove,
 And to a place at Thy right hand
 Call Thou my soul, in love;
 That love divine I make my plea,
 O may that love encircle me.

Burial of a priest

I

REST in the Lord, O servant by His grace,
 Dwell in His courts, and gaze upon His face,
 Know nought of toil, of weariness, or woe,
 They rest who serve, not weary, as below.

II

Rest in the Lord, the strife of war is past,
 Wear now the wreath of victory at last;
 E'en death is slain,—the cross of Christ
 sufficed,
 Death is not death, to those who live in
 Christ.

III

Rest in the Lord, the goal of life is won,
 To thee 'tis given to hear the glad "Well
 done";
 Great their reward, who, till their Lord
 appear,
 Serve in the vineyard of the Master, here.

IV

Rest in the Lord; none can His honour claim,
 They honour have, who honour most His
 name;
 Thine this reward who counted gain but loss,
 Nor felt it shame to glory in the cross.

V

Rest in the Lord; swift comes the happy
 time,
 When we who strive shall reach Thy fairer
 clime;
 Christ, give us welcome when the toil is past,
 And bring us to the bliss of heaven, at last.

μακαρία ἡ ὁδός, ἡ πορύη σήμερον, ὅτι
 ἡτοιμάσθη σοι τόπος ἀναπαύσεως,

Burial of a layman

I

THOU dost not pass a lonesome way,
 O soul released from mortal coil,—
 Thou leav'st behind the weight and toil,
 And thou art blessed of God to-day.

II

The path thou treadest He hath trod
 Whom heaven received from death's
 abode,—
 He knows each turning of the road
 That brings the unburdened soul to God.

III

It is not dark, it is not sad,
It is not haunted now with fear,—
The saints have found it full of cheer,
For with His comfort they were glad.

IV

Yea, with His presence thou art blest,
And light upon the path is shed,
For lo, He liveth Who was dead,
And thou art journeying to thy rest.

V

'Tis we, not thou, who are distressed,
For, blessed, blessed, is the way,
O soul, thou journeyest to-day,
That leads to everlasting rest.

PSALM I

I

THE man who erring counsel shuns,
Nor strays where sinners meet,
But in the law of God delights
In meditation sweet,
Shall reap the happiness of those
To whom the Lord His favour shews.

II

As tree beside the water brooks
Whose leaf unfading lives,
And when the time appointed comes,
A bounteous fruitage gives;—
So shall he prosper all his days,
Whose hope is in God's law always.

III

Not so the wicked,—they are chaff
Before the wind that flies,
Nor could they stand His searching glance,
Should God in judgment rise;
For known to God are all the right,
But wicked men shall perish quite.

PSALM II

Morning

I

LORD, a band of foes increasing
Terror to my heart would bring;
For they tell my soul unceasing,
That no help from God can spring.

II

Yet Thou art my shield about me,
Till the time of strife is past;
And though cruel foes may flout me,
Thou wilt hear my prayer at last.

III

On my couch when night was falling,
Lay I down devoid of fear;
And when morning light was calling,
I awoke, for thou wert near.

IV

Tens of thousands round my dwelling
Stand arrayed to do me harm;
But my trust when foes are swelling,
Rests in Thine almighty arm.

V

Rise, O Lord, for Thou, victorious,
Hast the might of sin o'erthrown,
And amid Thy triumph glorious,
Bless the people Thou dost own.

PSALM XXVII

VerSES 1-6

I

LIGHT of my life, O Lord, Thou art,
No fear afflicts my trusting heart
When, all secure in Thee
As in a fortress I repose,
And evil men, my direst foes,
Are baulked that trouble me.

II

Hosts may encamp on every side,
And pallid fear the trust deride
That saves me from affright;
But in the Lord my hope shall last,
Till noise of war and strife are past,
And flee the powers of night.

III

To God I make this chief request,
 That I in His abode may rest
 Through all my earthly days,
 To mark its comeliness and grace,
 And see the beauty of His face,
 Whose love inspires my praise.

IV

There shall I dwell unseen by all,
 Secure when days of trouble call,
 And evil doers mock;
 And He shall hide me in His tent,
 Till all the wrath of man is spent
 As tempests on a rock.

V

Therefore to Thee my praise I'll give,
 And joyful offerings while I live
 My grateful soul shall bring;
 For Thou my foes hast beaten down,
 With victory Thou my head dost crown,
 And tun'st my heart to sing.

Morning

I

FROM the hills the light is streaming,
 Hail, the gladsome morn!
 Earth with busy life is teeming,
 For the day is born.

II

Dawn, Thou Light of lights, undying
 On a fairer day,
 All creation beautifying
 With Thy glorious ray.

III

Weary eyes the hills are scanning
 For the early gleam;
 Souls, Thy long delay unmanning,
 Sleep, and idly dream.

IV

Ah, my soul, be up and doing,
 Life will soon be done,
 Night, the day is close pursuing
 To the setting sun.

V

And the day of God shall waken
 To the soul with fear,
 If, the call of life forsaken,
 We are slumbering here.

VI

From the hills the light is streaming,
 Hail the gladsome morn!
 And the light of God is beaming,—
 This, His day, is born.

Evening

I

THE day declines to night,
 The shadows lengthening fall,
 And see, the deepening purple light
 Throws on the hills its pall;—
 Lord, be our Light when suns decline,
 And in our souls unclouded shine.

II

Still is the eventide,—
 Calm is the soft repose,
 When earthly toil is laid aside,
 And eyelids drooping, close;
 Lord, let Thy peace my soul possess,
 In everlasting restfulness.

III

Night of my life draws near;
 Lord, when the light departs,
 Be all to me that Thou hast been
 To other trusting hearts,
 And in the calm that night bestows,
 Let me in peace with Thee repose.

IV

The night gives place to morn,
 The gloom shall pass away,
 And an eternal day be born,
 Whose sun shall shine for aye;
 Lord, wake me when the morn is come,
 And let me find with Thee my home.

THE NEW YEAR

All-embracing as the Greek Service Books are, curiously enough, strictly speaking, they contain no Thanksgiving services. It has been left for the Russian Church to make them for the Greeks to imitate.

The models of the Ectene and Litanies are found in the Euchologion, at vespers, but adaptations of their petitions to every eventuality in human life, are the work of Russians, whose names, however, have not been preserved. Here is an example from the Thanksgiving service for the New Year.

I

LORD, let us feel that Thou art near,
 And while we pray, in mercy hear;
 Crown with Thy love the opening year;—
 Have mercy, Lord.

II

Of Thy benignity, we pray,
 Thy gracious Spirit grant alway,
 Our strife and discord to allay;—
 Have mercy, Lord.

III

May peace our inmost soul possess,
And in our lives our converse bless,
With unaffected kindness;—

Have mercy, Lord.

IV

Our sinful past, we here repent,
With tears our wayward course lament,
Now, let Thy pardoning grace be sent;—

Have mercy, Lord.

V

As seasons come, Good Lord ordain
That we the fruits of earth obtain,
Send us the sunshine and the rain;—

Have mercy, Lord.

VI

With strength Thy Holy Church endue,
The anger of her foes subdue,
The offerings of Thy grace renew;—

Have mercy, Lord.

HARVEST HYMN

I

COME, praise with gladness the Lord of all
creation,
Heaven tells His glory, earth His bounty
shews;
Lowly He sought us, and won for us salva-
tion,
Grace fills our lives with goodness He
bestows.

Refrain. Bountiful Giver, Thine be
the praise,
Blessing, and honour, and
glory, always.

II

Spring time and harvest, and cloud and summer gladness,
 Come to our earth because His promise lives;
 Morn smiles with beauty, and evening soothes our sadness;—
 Such are the treasures that His bounty gives.

Refrain.

III

Spring time is now, and summer with its beauty;
 Brightness and sadness here alternate come;
 Lord, may the flowers, and fruits of love and duty,
 Blossom and ripen for Thy harvest home.

Refrain.

IV

Then when the angels, the reapers at the ending,
 Gather the fruitage which our lives have grown,
 May we with gladness, angel toil attending,
 Sing of the harvest at the heavenly home.

Refrain. Bountiful Giver, Thine be the praise,
 Blessing, and honour, and glory always.

PENITENCE AND LOVE

I

Now with my weeping would I cleanse my soul,
And with my grief would shame my sin away;
But tears no virtue have to make me whole,
Nor sorrow power to end sin's hateful sway.

II

But yet the heart in sore distress that sighs,
Looks to the Christ His succour to impart;
And God receives the pleasing sacrifice,
A broken spirit, and a contrite heart.

III

Nailed to the cross I see my Saviour bleed,—
 This is the sacrifice my soul requires;
 Here is the cleansing, and the power I need,
 To quell the rising of my vain desires.

IV

Speak to my heart, O Jesus Christ, Who
 came
 Fired by Thy love, an offering for sin;
 And by a love enkindled at that flame,
 Win me forever from the self within.

I

O GOD of love, on bended knee,
 We, guilty sinners, call on Thee;
 Now, by the cross that Jesus bore,
 Extend Thy mercy, we implore.

II

We have no plea to urge but this,
 Our own exceeding sinfulness,
 And all the love to sinners shown
 Who claim His merits as their own.

III

Ah, weary with the toil of sin,
 We seek Thy matchless grace to win;
 Lord, break the fetters that enslave,
 And let us know Thy power to save.

IV

Rise on the darkness of the way
 That leads from night to perfect day,
 And let the joy that light awakes
 Possess the soul that sin forsakes.

V

O Christ, to Thee our praise ascends,
 Whose love the needy soul befriends;
 For, by Thy cross our souls are free
 To love and praise, eternally.

I

O GOD, in mercy hear,
 I lift my cry to Thee,
 And let Thy gracious help be sent
 In my perplexity;
 But Thou art far away,
 And I am filled with shame,
 I cannot see Thy blessed face,
 And fear to name Thy name.

II

And now a sense of guilt
 Inspires me with dismay,—
 I know that none on earth can take
 That awful load away;
 'Tis mine, the sin, 'tis mine,
 And mine the guilt to bear,
 The awful burden of the blame,
 The cloud of dark despair.

III

Is there no balm to heal?
 No pity that can bless?—
 O God, Who art so far away,
 Be near in my distress;
 And heed the tears I shed,
 And hear my woeful cry;
 And since there is no hand to help,
 Come Thou in mercy nigh.

IV

'Twas then a voice I heard,—
 It came in winning tone,
 Across my night, from far away,
 To where I prayed alone;
 It told me of a love,
 That sought me long ago,
 And on the cross my burden bore,
 Of sin, and guilt, and woe.

V

O blessed cross of Christ!
 Thou hast my need supplied,
 For there, upon thy outstretched arms
 I see the Crucified;
 And He has sin to bear,
 That none can call His own,—
 O Christ, the sin and guilt Thou bor'st,
 Are mine, are mine, alone.

I

COME to the Christ in tears,
And in His hearing tell
Thy sins, and griefs, and fears,
The wants He knoweth well;
Fear not to bring a large request,
He gives, and giveth of His best.

II

Come to the Christ in tears:
The contrite heart He wills;
And every prayer He hears,
And every vessel fills;—
We never ask, and sigh unblest,
He gives, and giveth of His best.

III

Come to the Christ in tears;—
As when the clouds depart
A glorious light appears—
So joy shall flood the heart;
They cannot weep who share His grace,
And see the smiling of His face.

I

FORGIVE my heart its vain regrets,
 And, as I cast my eyes behind,
 Subdue the spirit, Lord, that frets,
 Because the light with dark is twined.

II

I cannot understand the way
 By which unerring wisdom leads;
 Nor do I know for what to pray,
 Unconscious of my deepest needs.

III

Thou, Whose almighty power upholds
 The stars that in their courses move,—
 Whose eye creation's need beholds
 To prompt the outflow of Thy love;—

IV

Teach me in calm content to live
 'Mid all the changes life contains,
 Assured that, love and wisdom give
 The blessing that for aye remains.

V

And in the darkness and the light,
 And in the gladness and the pain,
 Make me to know that all is right,
 And every loss my truest gain.

πόρρω ἐκφεύγωμεθα κόσμου, ἀπαν τὸ ἀμάρτημα.

I

FAR let me flee from worldly sin,
 Nor look behind, but onward press;
 Lest the deceit that lurks within,
 Should link the soul to worldliness.

II

Ah! whither shall I flee, my God?
 There is no refuge but in Thee,
 And Thy command exceeding broad,
 Condemns my soul's perversity.

III

But in Thy grace my troubled soul
 Would find forgiveness freely given;
 And in Thy Spirit's firm control,
 A power to lift me nearer heaven.

IV

Thus shall I flee from worldly sin,
 Nor look behind, but onward press,
 And daily fight, and daily win
 The rich reward of righteousness.

I

LORD of mercy, at Thy gate,
 Needy souls imploring pray;
 Have we come, Good Lord, too late?
 Must we turn in grief away?

II

Young and old Thy mercy claim,—
 Some are early at the gate,
 Some are late to own Thy name,
 Surely none, though late, too late!

III

Blessed, who with morning sun,
 Hopeful at Thy portals wait;
 Yea, and when the day is done,
 Blessed they who find the gate.

IV

Ah, Good Lord, when Thou wert here,
 Homeless, in our world of sin,
 Few, to give Thee warmth and cheer,
 Called their weary Lord within.

V

Sad, repenting, full of fear,
 Hoping, doubting, still we wait;
 As we call, in mercy hear;—
 Open, Lord, to us the gate.

I

BURDENED with a heavy load,
Lord, we come, for Thou art calling;
Rough and toilsome is the road,
And the night around is falling.

II

Sin, the burden that we bear,
Fills us with a dread to meet Thee;
Yet, we yield not to despair,
But for mercy would entreat Thee.

III

From the cross a glorious light
Falls upon our path to cheer us;
And a hope on pinions bright
Hovers, in the darkness, near us.

IV

For the sake of Him Who bore
All the sin, we come lamenting,
Let Thy pardon now restore
Sinners, at Thy feet, repenting.

I

LORD of a countless throng,
Fair as the stars of night,
Won from the thrall of cruel wrong
Back to the good and right;
Thine is the praise they sing,
Lord of their souls, and King.

II

Thine was the love that sought
Far as their wanderings led;
Thine was the wondrous grace that brought
Life to the faint and dead;
Pardon for all the past,
Peace that shall endless last.

III

Lord of a countless throng
Sworn to be faithful aye,
When, in the power that makes them strong,
They stand in evil day;
Make us by grace, we pray,
Loyal and brave as they.

I

LET all the world abroad
 In cheerful praise unite
 To bless the name of God,
 Creator, Lord of might.

II

He made the sea and land,
 The pastures rolling wide,
 The mountains towering, grand,
 The streams that ceaseless glide;

III

The cattle on the hills,
 The flocks afield that rove,
 The birds, whose music fills
 The silence of the grove;

IV

The heavens that, day and night,
 His matchless power declare,
 The sun and moon, whose light
 Illumines everywhere.

V

Let man, creation's lord,
 His rightful homage give
 To Him Whose mighty word
 First called his soul to live.

VI

And with the heavenly host,
 Our Sovereign Lord adore,
 And Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Both now, and evermore.

I

THOU Saviour of our sinful race,
We sing the fulness of Thy grace;
Lord, as our songs in rapture soar,
On us Thy loving-kindness pour.

II

There is no merit of our own,
No plea to offer, save alone
That Thou hast died upon the tree,
To set our sin-bound spirits free.

III

O, when the world, in awful fear,
Beholds the Judge of all appear,
Be this our joy on that dread day,
That Christ hath borne our sins away.

IV

When in the land of bliss divine,
Our souls in robes of beauty shine,
This be our song before the throne,
Not ours the beauty, Thine alone.

V

To Thee, O God, be glory given,
And to the Christ, the King of heaven;
And to the Holy Spirit, blest,
Be praise for evermore express.

I

WHERE the Lord reveals His presence,
Glory lights the sacred place,
And the soul in adoration
Falls before the throne of grace.

II

Seraphim, and saints in wonder,
Lift their songs where Christ is set,
And employ, in sacred homage,
Harp, and palm, and coronet.

III

Light of lights, no light approacheth,—
Sun, nor moon, nor stars of night,
Flood the noon-tide and the darkness
With such radiance of delight.

IV

Beauty of the King Immortal!
Ere we rise to where Thou art,
Let the glory of Thy presence
Chase the darkness from our heart.

I

O LOVE of God, surpassing far
 The loves that human hearts unite,
 Far from our ken as yonder star
 That sheds its radiance on the night;

II

High as the heavens, and deep as hell,
 Broad as the world's infinite need,—
 None but the Christ that love can tell,
 And none its winning power impede.

III

Glory to God ! that love express
 Came in the gift our need required,
 And in the Christ our lives are blest,
 And by His love are souls inspired.

IV

And from the manger to the cross,
 And at the noon-day and the night,
 He bore the burden of our loss,
 Nor shunned the anguish and despite.

V

And 'twas the love of God He showed,
 When, crowned with shame, He meekly
 died ;—
 No gifts by bleeding love bestowed,
 So great as Jesus crucified.

I

O GOD of our salvation,
 Who in Thy glorious might,
 Didst speak, and all creation
 Arose from brooding night;
 And chaos, and confusion,
 To form and order sped,
 While lo ! in rich profusion
 The earth its beauty spread.

II

O God of our salvation,
 Thy word hath still its power,
 And souls in desolation
 Are lying at this hour;
 Speak as of old, and banish
 The chaos and the night,
 And bid their sorrows vanish
 Before Thy glorious light.

III

O God of our salvation,
 Thy Word our Flesh became;
 To free from condemnation
 He bore our human name,
 And spoke to us confiding
 Of all the Father willed;
 And we, with Him abiding,
 Are with His fulness filled.

IV

O God of our salvation,
 Thou, Christ, in mercy come,
 And make Thy new creation
 Thine everlasting home;
 And in our hearts abiding,
 And in Thy Church adored,
 Still speak the word confiding,
 O Jesus Christ, our Lord.

I

O JESUS, when my guilty fears
My wakened soul distress,
And Judgment for the past appears
In all its awfulness,—
Bid gathering clouds asunder roll,
And shed Thy sunshine in my soul.

II

When from their long-forgotten grave
My guilty deeds arise,
And terror proves me yet the slave
My soul would fain despise,—
From stings of memory heal my soul,
And free me from sin's dire control.

III

O Lord, in Whom my hope is set,
I look in faith to Thee;
From sin, and guilt, and sad regret,
My soul in mercy free;—
For, in that mercy, Lord, I trust,
And lie, repenting, in the dust.

I

LORD, I am Thine, for Thou hast died for
me;
Thy claim I own, and give myself to Thee;
Not with the price of gold, of gold most fine
Hast Thou redeemed my soul, and made me
Thine.

II

Thy blood was shed upon the awful tree;
I marvel at the love there shown for me—
All loveless, and to sin and self a slave;—
Thy gifts enriched me, yet I nothing gave.

III

Now in its wonder would my soul arise,
Shorn of all pride, but precious in Thine
eyes,
Who for its life Thy glory laidst aside,
And wore its shame, and for its purchase
died;

IV

And fired with love, that wondrous love
proclaim
In life, in death, in fealty to Thy name;
In loving service, for such service given,
Here upon earth, and yonder in Thy heaven.

V

Lord, I am Thine, Thy love hath won my
soul;
Now shall my life obey such sweet control;—
No, not mine own, the purchase is complete,
I bring my all to lay it at Thy feet.

ASPIRATIONS

I

LORD, let our eyes the things unseen behold,
And, 'mid the glory that like sunset dies,
Fair to the sight the wondrous bliss unfold
That lives in beauty under cloudless skies.

II

And let our ears the things unuttered hear,
That silent voices to the soul can tell;
That heart can whisper when a heart is near
Of love that scorns in uttered tones to
dwell.

III

Teach us to know that things unseen are
real,
That earth no bloom of fadeless beauty
gives,
That far beyond the things that sense can
feel,
The joy of being, and of having, lives.

IV

Lord Who hast risen, nor left the world behind,
 Daily incline our sense-bound souls to soar,
 Till 'mong the things all hidden we may find
 Possessions that abide for evermore.

I

WAKE to the songs that lips unsullied sing,
 And let their tones responsive echoes call,—
 There's more to cheer us than our senses
 bring,
 And sweeter anthems than from mortals
 fall.

II

Saints in the land where sin is all unknown,
 Where care nor sorrow can the light subdue,
 Dwell in the glory of the heavenly throne,
 And voice new praise, for wonders ever new.

III

Wake to their praise, and let us blend with
 theirs
 Songs that shall travel to a fairer clime ;
 Glad as the morn, and hallowed by our
 prayers,
 Offerings of duty from the realm of time.

VI

One, we are one with victors gone before;
 Songs that are ours, were theirs when in
 the strife;
 Theirs shall be ours when, all our striving
 o'er,
 Christ gives us entrance to immortal life.

I

BRING to the Christ your fears,
 And tell your sorrows there,
 The faintest cry he hears,
 And every faltering prayer;
 He knows your weight of woe,
 Who dwelt with us below.

II

With thought of sin opprest,
 Does conscience smite thee sore?
 There is a place of rest,
 Where sin afflicts no more;
 See, where the blood was spilt,
 The cross hath borne thy guilt.

III

Think you of former bliss,
 Of happier, sunnier hours,
 When fragrant joys you miss,
 Bestrewed your path like flowers?
 With Christ more joys abound,
 Than can on earth be found.

IV

Mourn you a heart estranged,
 Once kind, but now grown cold?
 A happy friendship changed,
 Now that the years are old?
 There is a Friend above,
 And His, a lasting love.

V

Is there an empty room
 Where silence broods alone,
 All curtained round with gloom,
 Where once the sunlight shone?
 Hearts that are linked below,
 In Christ no parting know.

VI

Bring then to Christ your fears,
 And tell your sorrows there,
 The faintest cry He hears,
 And every faltering prayer;
 He knows your weight of woe,
 Who dwelt with us below.

I

LORD, soothe my anxious, troubled soul,
 And bid its doubting cease,
 Speak to the crested waves that roll,
 To sink in quiet peace;
 And bring me to a place of rest,
 A haven calm and still,
 Where every soul by sin distressed,
 May dwell secure from ill.

II

Ah ! Thou wert once, my Blessed Lord,
 By surging waters pressed,
 But Thou didst speak th' almighty word,
 And laidst them still at rest;
 And 'gainst Thy soul the wrath of sin
 Its tempest fury cast,
 But Thou didst stand, serene within,
 Till all the storm had passed.

III

O Christ, the hiding-place of those
 Who face the blinding blast,
 And battle with a myriad woes
 That sweep in fury past;
 Be Thou my comfort and defence,
 While storm fiends wildly cry,—
 My star of hope when night is dense,
 And dangers round me lie.

I

SURPASSING great the gift of God
 To erring mortals given,
 A way that, from their dark abode,
 Leads to the light of heaven.

II

O Christ Who art the living way,
 Plant Thou my feet therein,
 And lead me lest I go astray
 In luring paths of sin.

III

Too long I've found a sad delight
 In wandering from Thy care,
 Nor feared the sudden fall of night,
 The darkness, and the snare.

IV

O Jesus Christ, to Thee my soul
 In conscious weakness clings;
 Teach me to seek the kind control
 That peace and safety brings.

V

And lead me upwards day by day,
 Till, night and danger past,
 I reach by Thee the living way,
 The Father's house at last.

VI

I

MY hope is firmly set
 On Him Whose truth abides ;
 The lights of earth may fade and die,
 The hopes of earth despairing fly,—
 No fear my heart betides.

II

My love its ardour finds
 In Him Whose love is strong,
 Who bought me with a price untold,
 More than of silver or of gold,
 And fills my heart with song.

III

My peace its calm attains
 In Him Whose power defends ;
 My foes may sound a loud alarm,
 I trust securely in the arm
 He for my succour lends.

IV

My joy its gladness sings
 In notes His voice awakes,—
 A joy no effort can attain,
 That thrills alike in loss and gain,
 And when the world forsakes.

V

Thou Christ art all I need,
 Of all my bliss the spring ;
 More fulness in Thy grace is found,
 Than when the corn and wine abound,
 And all the world can bring.

I

THE time is drawing near,
 It cannot tarry long,
 When they who face the conflict here,
 Shall join the glorious throng,

Where gladness fills each heart,
 And honour crowns each brow;
 For tireless service fit me, Lord,
 By willing service now.

II

Let no depressing thought
 My brooding mind depress;
 But let me hear, in winning tones,
 What they who serve possess,

Where gladness fills each heart, etc.

III

Let sunshine flood the soul,
 When threatening night descends,
 That I may see the light serene
 No sunset ever ends.

Where gladness fills each heart, etc.

IV

Let strength my spirit nerve,
 That, with each labour done,
 I may, like those who serve above,
 See some new task begun;

Where gladness fills each heart, etc.

V

The time is drawing near,—
 Till that bright morning break,
 May I, with those who see Thy face,
 Thy will, my pleasure make:

Where gladness fills each heart, etc.

I

I WILL not yield my sword,
 I will not bow the knee,
 But I would hear the blessed word
 That calls my soul to Thee;
 And through the din of war,
 And in the midst of strife,
 That word shall be the guiding star
 To lead me on to life.

II

And in the midst of snares
 Which subtle fingers lay,
 I shall not stumble unawares
 Upon the upward way;
 But keep before my eyes
 The goal before me set,
 Lest I should miss the glorious prize
 Which loyal victors get.

III

O Christ, Who art my King,
 Thy cause I make mine own,
 Till proud rebellious foes shall bring
 Their homage to Thy throne;
 Till then my heart revive
 With courage brave and strong,
 And steel my feeble arm to strive
 Against the power of wrong.

IV

When from the fateful field
 I hail my rightful King,
 To Him my trusty sword I'll yield,
 And all my trophies bring;
 And He shall crown my head
 With honours richer far
 Than trophies from the conquered dead,
 And all the spoils of war.

I

If in the cause of right I must,
 Do battle with the sword,
 Then, let me follow Him I trust,
 My chosen King and Lord.

II

As Captain in the mortal fight,
 He knows the foe I fear;
 His presence fires my soul with might,
 And fills my heart with cheer.

III

If I should see Him ever near,
 When blows unceasing fall,
 I shall no flaunting banner fear,
 Nor loudest battle call.

IV

And in the thickest of the strife,
 No polished shaft I'll dread,
 For He preserves my soul in life,
 In battle shields my head.

V

No power shall in the fight prevail,
 No subtle gin ensnare,
 Though all the hosts of hell assail,
 And guile the fraud prepare.

VI

Lord, gird me with Thy armour bright,
 And lead me forth to win,
 For I would battle for the right
 Against the might of sin.

I

THE Christ on Olive's mount in prayer
 His heart to God exprest;
 And as they held sweet converse there,
 His soul with peace was blest.

II

Far from the din of troubled life,
 The tumult, and the swell,
 A silence, stilling earthly strife,
 Upon His spirit fell.

III

And there a voice whose soothing tone
 The trusting spirit filled,
 Came with that grace by which alone
 Our great unrest is stilled.

IV

O may the blessed thought, divine,
 That moved the Christ to prayer,
 Our weary, anxious souls incline
 Like peace and joy to share;

V

And on the mount where God is met,
 May we the solace know,
 That found His soul on Olivet,
 Who shared our life below.

I

LIKE music at the still hour,
 When twilight veils the light of day,
 A gentle voice, with winning power,
 Allured me from the world away.

II

It made me sad, because I thought
 That love undying I could spurn;
 It made me glad, because it brought
 A loving message in return.

III

Ah, then the Christ my sin revealed,
 And bade me cast the barrier down,
 And rise to things from eyes concealed,
 More lasting than the world's renown.

IV

I found the pathway to the cross,
 And lo, my blindness passed away,
 For radiant sunlight swept across
 The darkness that had led astray.

V

'Twas then that Christ, in all His love,
 In all His beauty won my soul;—
 Now, for the treasures stored above,
 I thrust aside the world's control.

I

O LORD, Thou in the hour of need,
Didst succour those who sought Thine
aid,—

The faint revive, the hungry feed,—
And on the sick thine hand was laid.

II

Our needy souls Thy help would crave,
For faint they droop, and hungry pine,—
Lord, from their mortal sickness save,
And heal them by Thy power divine.

III

Where memories weave a sombre web,
And sighs reveal the heart distressed,
Where joys that flowed, in murmurs ebb,
And buoyant souls are sore oppressed;

IV

Come as of yore, all helpful, come,
And let Thy loving kindness bless,
That, where the voice of praise is dumb,
Songs may arise of thankfulness.

I

My harp upon the willows, grave,
 In weeping days is sadly hung,
 For, Lord, the joy Thy presence gave,
 Is from my soul in anguish wrung.

II

I think upon the peaceful hours,
 With Thy companionship to please ;
 But now the world is shorn of flowers,
 And birds are mute among the trees.

III

Wilt Thou not come as morning light ?
 As spring that wakes the sleeping earth ?
 As zephyrs on the tuneless night,
 To stir my soul to holy mirth ?

IV

O matchless Love ! for me expressed,
 O gift of Love surpassing great !
 Wake love responsive in my breast,
 And make my drooping soul elate.

V

My heart is strung ; up heart, proclaim
 In joyful strains the Love divine,
 That stooped from highest heaven, and came
 To earth to save this soul of mine ;

VI

To free my heart from carking cares,
 From trusting aught to fleshly aid ;
 To shew me sin's seductive snares,
 That for unwary feet are laid.

VII

Blest Spirit of my God, return,
 And o'er my life resume Thy sway,
 That love within my soul may burn,
 And quicken joy from day to day.

I
To Thee my soul enraptured sings,
O Thou, Immortal King of kings
Enthroned where glory shines;
The garland of the praises sweet,
That I would offer at Thy feet,
My grateful heart entwines.

II
More rare Thy beauty than the best
By highest heaven or earth possessed;
More radiant than the sun,
The glory shining from Thy face
That fills with light the holy place,
O Thou Immortal One!

III
Greater Thy might than lord of war,—
Thy vast dominions stretch afar
Beyond a kingly sway;
Thy hand upholds the earth and sea,
And heaven, and all that therein be,
Thy wise decrees obey.

IV
But not by rule of power alone
Are subjects loyal to Thy throne,
Thy love their fealty wins,—
A love that, by its winning grace
Allured our fallen, guilty race
From their rebellious sins.

V
Lord, by Thy cross that won my soul,
From bondage to benign control,
My every power possess;
That, daily, I my cross may bear,
And find, to serve Thee everywhere,
Is praising Thee the best.

VI

To Thee my soul enraptured sings,
O Thou Immortal King of kings,
 But I would join the song,
Of myriad souls in realms of light,
Who praise their King by day and night,
 Through all the ages long.

MODERN GREEK HYMNS

Xριστὸς ὁ Λόγος με θεοῖ σαρκούμενος.

The following is a close rendering of a hymn to Christ The Word, taken from a collection of hymns to The Three One God, by Bishop Nektarios, Metropolitan of Pentapolis (*vide* Introduction, page xxi). The hymn, which is in anapaests, is at page 10 of the author's collection, where it bears the title, *'Ωδὴ εἰς τὸν κύριον ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦν Χριστὸν*. The volume was published at Athens, 1909, and is one of many similar collections written by hymn-writers in the communion of the Greek Church.

I

CHRIST The Word ! Thine Incarnation
Links my nature to Thine own ;
By Thy sore Humiliation,
I am lifted to Thy throne ;
By Thy suffering Thou hast fired me
With a zeal to sacrifice,
And to noble life inspired me,—
Hence my grateful songs arise.

II

Word of God ! Thy Crucifixion
 Hath upraised me from the earth ;
 By Thy death and dereliction,
 Thou hast given me nobler birth ;
 By Thy Resurrection glorious,
 Life immortal now I own,—
 Hence ascend my songs victorious
 To Thy praise, O Christ the Son.

III

By Thy hand at the creation,
 Thou didst form me from the ground,
 And, to mark my kingly station,
 With Thine image I was crowned ;
 And that hand, when pierced and bleeding,
 Raised me from corruption's mire,
 And, though all this love unheeding,
 Decked me with divine attire.

IV

Thou who gav'st my soul its being,
 Breathing in me life divine,
 Didst, by Thine all-wise decreeing,
 Unto death Thy life resign ;
 And from death my soul defending,
 Thou didst sojourn with the dead,
 That Thou mightst, my fetters rending,
 Raise me up, Thou Glorious Head !

V

Shame be on your heads abiding,
 Disobedient people now,
 Who to death, and vile deriding,
 Caused the Word of God to bow !
 Shame ! for death, nor powers infernal,
 Nor the dark of hades' gloom,
 Could retain the King Eternal
 In the bondage of the tomb.

Δεῦτε καὶ μιμησάμεθα ἐν τῇ παρούσῃ ἑορτῇ.

Another rendering from the Greek of Bishop Nektarios. The original is on page 68 of his collection, where it is entitled, "Τυπος εἰς τὴν βάπτισιν τοῦ κυρίου ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ." The hymn is obviously based on the troparian and kontakion for the Feast of the Theophany, or Epiphany (January 6), and the kontakion for the Feast of St. John Baptist (January 7). The latter kontakion reads thus:—

"At Thy bodily presence Jordan was driven back in fear; John shook with trembling as he fulfilled his prophetic ministry; the host of angels were amazed at seeing the Baptized in the flesh, and all that were in the dark shades [of hades] received light, and praised Thee Who hast appeared, and hast lightened everything." (Menaeon, Venice edition, page 81.)

I

COME, keep this Feast, who holy things
revere,
And with pure minds, your Lord adore
with fear.

II

Lo, to the Jordan on this sacred day,
The Bridegroom from His chamber took
His way.

III

Jordan affrighted, on its course was stayed;
The Baptist heard His voice and was dismayed.

IV

"How can I hold that sacred Head of Thine,
O Word of God, Immortal, and Divine?"

V

Then, from the Father, in the heaven above,
The Holy Ghost descended as a Dove.

VI

While on the Christ the dove-like form
abode,
And Jordan's parted waters o'er Him flowed.

VII

"This is my Son," the Father spake from
heaven,
"Who, for the lost of Adam's race was given."

VIII

Illumine us, we sing, O Christ the Lord,
Glory to Thee, O Thou Incarnate Word!

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